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# The Daily Tulean Dispatch: Magazine Section, January 1943

George "Jobo" J. Nakamura

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# TULEAN DISPATCH Magazine Section



HOLIDAY  
EDITION

JANUARY 1943



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## AN EDITORIAL

In the hours of human misery and distress we have seen the glory of the coming new days.

We can sincerely say, A Happy New Year to you all: not in a festive mood, but in the spirit of a happy little boy who had just discovered the law of nature.

Cannons are still roaring and bombs are still falling throughout the far-flung battlelines. But there is a clear call cutting through the dust and shouting for brave men all over the world to stand ready for the new days in the offing.

Internationalism is a dead word now. It smacks too much of silk-hats and morning-coats. Socialism will lose its meaning, because of its nationalistic political impli-

cations.

Globalism is the shining little word of the future. Not totalitarianism. The paramount idea involved in globalism is the right of human beings, such as you and me, to live as we are.

Globalism means justice, freedom, and brotherhood, not only in America, but throughout the world regardless of race, creed or flag.

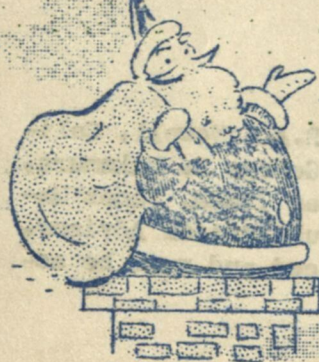
In a global world there is no place for greed and prejudices. Only humble men with open hearts and strong minds may live.

It is this kind of world we are building.

It is this kind of world we are going to live in the future—when peace dawns.

Are you prepared?  
We are ready.

Howard M. Imazeki



GREETINGS

# HER NAME IS

# Woman

by RILEY O'SUGA



It happened on a dreary shadowless winter afternoon when Julie and I were quietly speeding along a smooth stretch of black and white goalless highway. Indifferent to the surrounding scenery, I absently hummed a tranquil melody of dream-castles, love, and morrow.

"Stop this car!" Julie commanded.

Startled, I swallowed my daydreams and subconsciously obeyed her curt demand; the fast moving convertible jerked to an abrupt stop.

Swiftly, Julie jumped out, banged the door shut, peered through the open arch of the door window, and smiling coquettishly casually remarked: "Let's go for a long walk through this gorgeous country-side."

"What?" I questioned in bewildered wonder. "Gorgeous? Julie—this flat, tired looking land of..."



"Oh, come along," Julie prompted as she impetuously turned about-face and walked away. Left without an alternative, I slammed the door shut, abandoned the automobile, and hastened after Julie.

"Hel-lo," she smiled mischievously, "I've been waiting for you."

"What the devil, Julie!" I fumed breathless and angry. "Why all this sudden ambition to trudge over this God-forsaken range?"

"Can't you feel the pounding beat of life in this gently rolling yellow-brown-black wet earth?" Julie retorted with a laugh on her lips. "Look, look at the wispy white thin clouds hugging the horizon--tainted against the dull gray masses riding high and that gash of blue sky streaked pale and void of richness."

"Good Lord, Julie!" I exclaimed. "What are you talking about? All I see is a dead pallor in the sky, in the air, and all around us. It's storm weather....besides, the wind is rising."

"Wind?" she questioned in sham innocence.

I glanced at her and frowned. But Ju-

lie didn't see me; instead, she kept staring ahead--defiant of mounting winds gathering fury in its tameless drive over the vastness. Her black hair sang around her shapely head--whipped, lashed, and strained to pull away from their moorings; individual strands undulated in a maddening pattern of its own design. Ivory and ebony: her white ears in deep contrast against the tumultuous bank of shiny-hair; her eyes assumed that ambiguous abyss of a woman out of the world; her slender nostrils dilated and quivered with drunken stab of wind. Her lusty red lips were but a line of lifeless purple. Her white thin neck, so fragile, remained curvaceous and proud against the incessant whirling; her delicately contoured body was hidden in a heavy blue-gray tweed cloak, but her every gesture, every movement, suggested vibrance, energy, and desire. I dropped back for an instant--afraid--afraid of this beautiful creature so strange and overwhelmingly magnificent.

Suddenly, Julie stopped walking. Her whole being was poised--a frightened gazelle. For a fraction I hesitated, then gently placed my arm

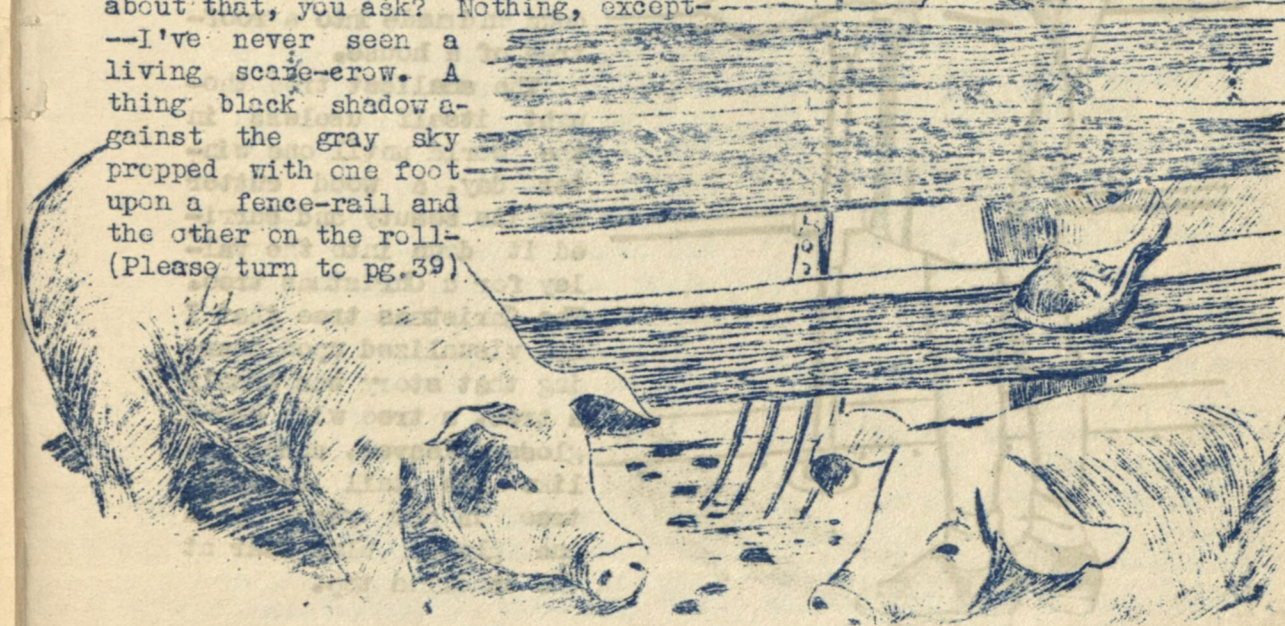
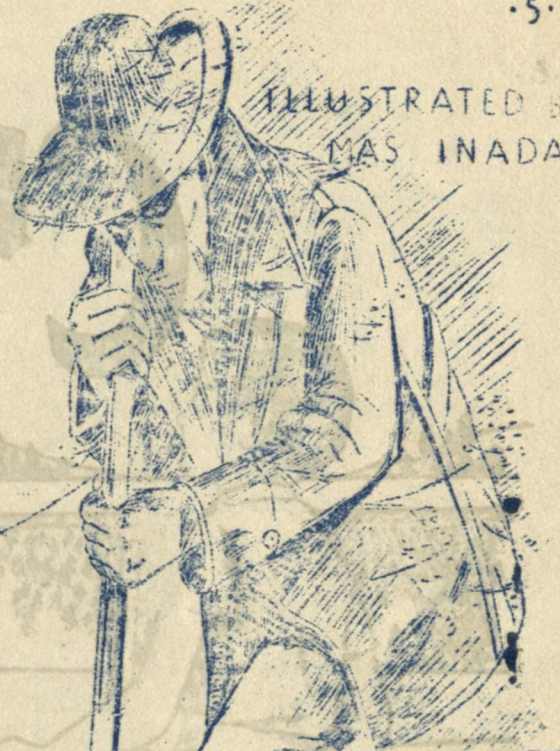


around her waist and drew the taut body close to me.

"What is it?" I asked softly. Julie remained silent, but her dark eyes were focused on a distant object filled with askance. For the first time, I noticed that we had trespassed across a hog farm. Partially hidden behind a rounded shank of hill, grousing, snorting, and crunching, fat indolent hogs, small insignificant broods and countless black-birds and sea-gulls burrowed, pecked, and trampled the rolling turf. It wasn't the swine, the birds, or the pen itself that apparently attracted Julie's attention.

And then, by God, I noticed. For a freezing second or two, my tightly clenched mouth opened with fear. Motionless on the opposite side of the long pen, obscured by bales of hay, was a man in black. What is unusual about that, you ask? Nothing, except--I've never seen a living scare-crow. A thing black shadow against the gray sky propped with one foot upon a fence-rail and the other on the roll-- (Please turn to pg.39)

ILLUSTRATED BY  
MAS INADA.



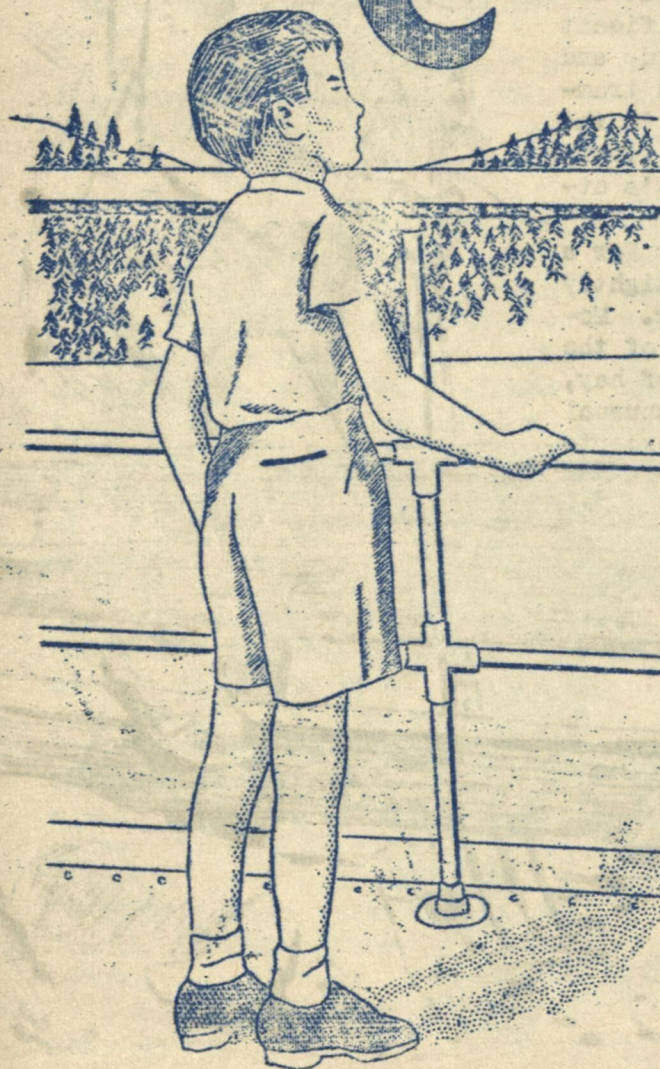


# Christmas

## REMEMBRANCE OF

I first heard of Christmas trees as a shaven-pated boy sitting in a classroom in western Japan. The mustached teacher was telling us about the three trees on a hill-top: of how the tallest tree was cut down and made into a mast for a ship that sailed the seven seas; of how the medium-sized tree was cut down and made into a roof-tree of a house.

The smallest tree thought itself useless in the world until one winter day, a wood cutter saw its beauty and carried it down into the valley for a Christmas tree. The Christmas tree that I had visualized upon hearing that story was simply a tree, a tree with broad glossy leaves, something like the tall camellia tree in our yard, with one glowing blue star at the camellia top.



# Trees

by SHUN  
KIMURA

ILLUSTRATED BY  
DIC KURIHARA

## THINGS PAST

I did not dream that soon I was to see a real Christmas tree—but that summer we boarded a train in the provincial capital of Yamaguchi to travel across the world to America. Sighting land for the first time at the Straits of Juan de Fuca, we felt that we were coming to different land indeed, for covering the hills on either side of the channel were dark trees, the like of which we had not seen before. These trees were tall and straight, each pointing to the sky, so that the outline of the hill was like a jagged saw-tooth. All the forests that we had seen in Japan had been pine, with rounded rolling tops. Though I did not know it then, it was these towering firs that was to furnish the Christmas trees for us in real life.

Our first Christmas tree was nailed to a table in the dining hall of a Japanese "kyanpu". This camp was

the farm of a Japanese corporation that had started a project of clearing land in the White River Valley for a new venture of growing and shipping vegetables in iced cars to the East. The tree, obtained from the hill directly above the camp, stood bare of ornaments; so on Christmas eve, father hitched up his team and took us to a country store to buy Christmas things. There he bought us a half-a-dozen trimmings: two glass balls, a string of glass beads, two star-shaped rosettes of gold and blue colored glass, and a box of red, green, and white candles. The resulting tree was a monumental success.

If it is true that a dying person reviews his life in the instant before he dies, I know that this Christmas tree will flash by at the head of the procession of childhood memories. And those first ornaments are still in existence, somewhat tarnished and chipped, but still hung on the most



prominent branch every Christmas.

As the years passed, we bought many new things, for the tree. First came candle holders so that we would not have to put pins through the branches. Tinfoil ribbons began to be used as icicles. Electric lights replaced candles; new forms of glass balls and stars were added. But strangely enough, somehow the trees did not grow more beautiful year by year. Rather, they seemed to grow more and more difficult to decorate, while the vision of the first tree remained tantalizingly clear and beautiful.

We were careful to select

the best trees to be found in the hills above the valley. They grow best in a grove of young trees, spaced just enough to be slender, yet with enough room to be bushy, and searching every Christmas, we knew every grove in the woods for miles around. Yet in spite of the pains to find the right trees, the beauty of the first tree eluded us, and as time passed, we began to believe that perhaps the memory was but an illusion after all.

**B**ut one year we found that the truly beautiful tree was not a mirage, but a reality. It took hard times

(Please turn to Page 26)

Never that Star shall set!

Its steadfast light and pure  
Down any desert of our days

Shines on, serene and sure.

Never that song shall cease! -

For all may hear who will,  
Across the deep of darkest night,  
Angels above the hill.

Never that Love shall fail!

That Love that traveled down  
To make a song, a light, a peace  
Within a hillside town.

Whatever dreams we lose,

What ever joys we miss,  
Christmas is ours forevermore -  
Now God be thanked for this!

Harumi Mary Sakai



BY MIYOKO TAKAGI

**T**he old bachelors next door are quiet tonight. As I sit here writing I can hear one of them cough occasionally, but there is no other apparent sign that they are home. But I know that they are there because I went past their door just five minutes ago, on my way to the block manager's office, and glanced into their open door, mostly out of curiosity. All four men were sitting around the table, smoking and saying nothing. The absence of the usual playing cards in their hands was conspicuous.

**T**here used to be six bachelors in that room. Six men with

as many different personalities. It was always a source of amazement to me that they got along so well. None of them knew the others before coming to camp, but the exigency of housing had thrown them together. Before the wall-board was put up their loud voices were raised in friendly argument or in laughter, and their blaring radio used to irritate me greatly, especially when it was late, and I had to be up early the next morning to go to work. And that was another thing. Only one of the six men did any work. I often wondered what the others used for money—for their cigarettes, magazines, and fruit. Maybe, and this was pure speculation, they were all retired business men with steady incomes from wise investments. But I rather doubted that.

Each of the men was a character. Because they were so distinct



# Six Old Bachelors

in their personalities, I nick-named them to tag them in my mind. There was Popeye, who greatly resembled the spinach eater. He always wore a white sailor hat, smoked a pipe and walked with that characteristic Popeye stride. Then there was the Phantom, so called because he looked "a shadow of his former self", and because it seemed a puff of wind would blow him to extinction. He ate at the special diet kitchen because his meals consisted largely of roughage foods and milk. The Phantom was perhaps the most educated man in the group, always lost in contemplation of some deep thought or absorbed in reading a philosophical treatise.

The third bachelor was Casanova, and aptly named I thought. Although he resembled that romantic figure not at all, he had an eye for feminine beauty and grace that would do justice to a screen lover. Casanova was always unkempt, unshaven, and regarded by the others as "slightly off". I remember seeing him one hot summer day, sitting outside with a neighbor girl while she was writing a letter. He put his hand on her knee, and gave it a squeeze, with a knowing smile. She smiled in re-

turn, but it was a different kind of smile, brushed his hand off, and moved her bench. I got a sickening feeling in my stomach, and had to go into the house to lie down.

Snoop was the fourth bachelor. He had heart trouble, and was always complaining of strange pains in the region of that organ. Snoop never let the neighbors do anything, without putting in his unwanted advice. Everything anyone else did was all wrong, and his way was best. It got so everyone called him "Tojo" or the "Dictator". You know his type.

Stooge was named thus because he was always doing things for other people who were too lazy to do their own work. He is nursemaid to the children in the block, carrying meals to invalids or performing menial tasks. He is kind-hearted and generous, and the stablest man of the lot.

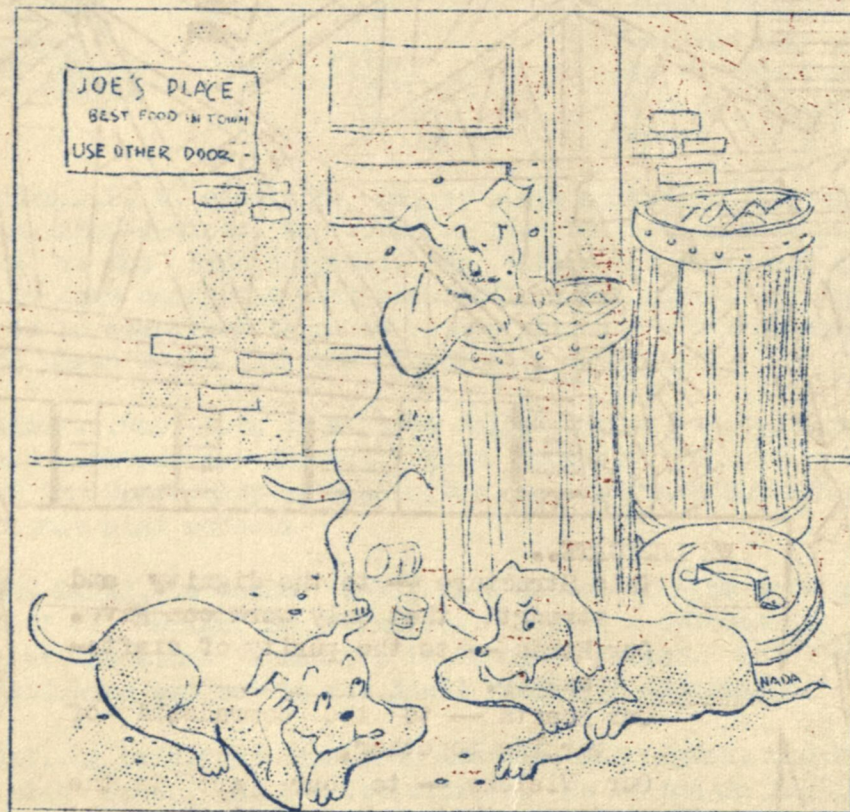
Joe was the last of the six bachelors, and I called him Joe—a short for "Old Black Joe". He was dark-skinned, but almost handsome, and the only occupant of that room who worked for a living. His job was at the mess hall, but in his off hours he sometimes made attempts at mopping the floor of

his quarters or washing his piled up laundry.

There are only four bachelors left now. Snoop died in the hospital three weeks ago. He was lying on a bench in the hot sun one afternoon when he rolled off in a faint. We called an ambulance, and he regained consciousness after being treated at the

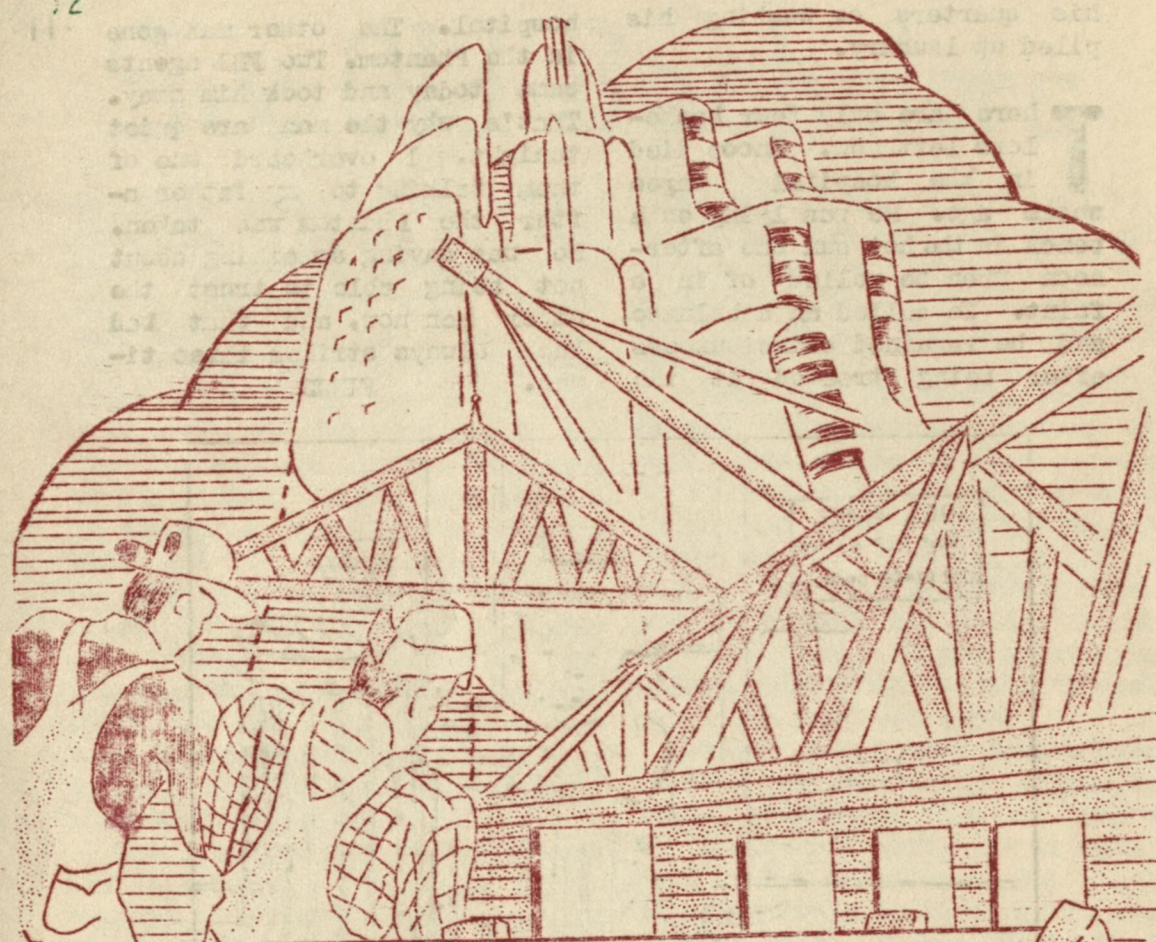
hospital. The other man gone is the Phantom. Two FBI agents came today and took him away. That's why the men are quiet tonight. I overheard one of them talking to my father after the Phantom was taken. He was saying something about not being able to trust the other men now, and that bad luck always strikes three times.

FINIS



"NO USE, MAC; IT'S MEATLESS TUESDAY!"





WE DEDICATE..

This Structure -- to the dignity and strength that only work can give.  
Our Hands -- to the purity of craftsmanship.

Our Hearts -- to the comradeship of working together.

Our Visions -- to our part in the dream that some day all the world shall be free.

S.K.

MAS HIRATA



Still drenched with .13.  
multi-colored array of red, green, blue, and brown ink, the holiday edition finally makes its inglorious bow. With the "daily" in feverish preparation for its own New Year "super-duper", the staff got into each other's hair, but hook or crook this 40-page affair has been made possible. We're due for a long, long well-deserved rest.

SHUJI KIMURA...U. W. chemistry major, youth Christian leader, poet, and photography artist. He works on the Project as a clinical lab technician at the Base Hospital. He thinks the rocks and crags around Tule Lake among the most beautiful in the world. His post-war ambition is to come back to Modoc county with a big 8 x 10 camera and photograph these rocks with the blessing of the F.B.I.

MIYOKO TAKAGI...was born in a place called Wapato (Wash.) where tomatoes and potatoes are the chief farm products. She is an English major from the University of Washington and instructs English classes in the Project high school.

HARUMI MARY SAKAI...attended California School of Fine Arts and Hazmore School of Design, San Francisco. Prior to evacuation, she was employed at the swank Ranshoff's in downtown 'Frisco. Coordinates clothes designing project in the Adult Education department.

YUKIO OZAKI...A brilliant lad from Seattle, Washington, who finished Broadway high school as a valedictorian. He edited the English Section of the North American Times of Seattle immediately after G.T. Watanabe. He is at present confined at the Base Hospital.



# Looking Back

by **EUGENE OKADA**



evacuees from Wadonga, Arboga, and Pinedale assembly centers respectively.

Through ill-founded rumors and misconceptions, sectionalism was evident, just as in virtually all other relocation projects. Soon it was realized, however, that there were a few "bad apples", as in all groups, no matter from where.

Among the memories that will long live in the minds of Tuleans are the weary train ride, the vast size of the camp, long registration procedures, first glimpse of our homes for the duration, the rush for the lumber piles, standing in lines on many occasions, fear or not being paid, and the prevalence of many wild rumors.

As time advanced the civic organization was established

In this, the special Christmas edition of THE DISPATCH magazine section, we take you back to May when the first contingent of evacuees arrived at the Project from the vicinity of Clarksburg, California. Then came the Northwesterners, followed by

## ONE ACT COMEDY.

by **T. NAKAMURA**

CAST: Father, mother, Mary Tom, and a Caucasian lady.

SCENE: Living room piled with duffle bags, suit cases and packing boxes. Feverish preparation is being made for packing prior to evacuation the next day.

As the scene opens mother and daughter are in the room packing. Tom is wandering around the room with a paper in hand, picking his way around a bedlam of half opened suitcases.

MOTHER—For goodness sake, stop talking and help with the last. (Cont'd to Page 18)



# THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAGEDY

DICKORY



# Pure Hell!

You wince in hellish agony; you wobble on the sane,  
Your teeth are next to cracking as you crunch to ease the pain!  
You lift a limb and fiery darts go twisting through the flesh!  
A roar resounds and crashes deep within your brainy mesh.

Your bloated face is swollen into numbing, rotting lumps.  
Lances, icy, pierce your bones as thudding muscle humps.  
You stare through tortured, veiny eyes of bloody, gory red.  
The bleak world swims and bursts into a million stars undead!

You shake your bulging head in vain, your cry from aching  
lung!

A rasping moan is all that staggers past your swollen tongue!  
You take a step...you stagger...and you go down in a heap!  
Searing pains throughout your screaming, blackened body leap!

O How you cuss and spit and swear and howl to highest  
Heaven!

It sure is Hell to have to wake these wintry morns at  
seven!!!



by Yukio Ozaki

# Junior Miss

by GLENN SATO



With her nether limbs tucked under her on the chair,  
She reclines, with that "well-brushed" hair in her hair.

And if you will but take a little further look,  
You'll see that what she has in her hand is a book.

Of course moving 'round in her mouth is that wad of chewing-gum.  
But it'll stop for a moment when you greet her with "Hi-chun!"

With a slight smile and a twinkle in her eyes, she'll say "hello"  
That'll remind you of a dish of delicious strawberry jello.

Then of course you'll want to talk to her all night long,  
And perhaps warble to her a lovely but silly romantic song;

Or look into those lovely eyes that seem filled with dew,  
And get down on your knees and whisper "I love you."

Ah, but no. You won't even get the smallest chance my pal,  
'Cause I tell you she's too nice and wise a gal.

Besides it's getting to be late and almost ten o'clock,  
And she has to get up at seven with that nasty ole 'larm clock.

So she hurries to finish Abbie 'n Slat's, for which she has esteem.  
Oh, what thoughts she must have, when a lassie's sweet sixteen.

And yes, that gum she'll stick on the wall when she goes to bed.  
And something is telling me that this is 'bout 'nuff said.



## THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAGEDY

(Cont. from pge. 15)

packing. The train leaves early tomorrow morning for Arizona and we haven't even finished packing yet. What if we miss the train?

TOM--Let the train go. We'll stay behind. This whole evacuation is unconstitutional. I'll bring this to the highest court in the country. (He strikes a dramatic pose by standing on one of the boxes.) Are we citizens or not? The constitution, the most sacred document in the land, states that no person shall be deprived of his liberty without due process of law. What crime have we committed? What are we being punished for? Where is the Bill of Rights? Tell me where is it?

(At this point father enters the room. He holds a bottle of whiskey in his hand. He is shirtless. A suspender is draped over his underwear.)

FATHER--My God! No liquor allowed at the camp. They say we're going to be there for the duration. What am I going to drink for the New Years. No Liquor! What a long dry spell this is going to be. This is the last bottle I'll see for a long, long time.

(He seats himself and takes a

drink and then pours one for Tom. Mother who has been rummaging among the various things scattered about the floor straightens up holding a gleaming kitchen knife in her hand.)

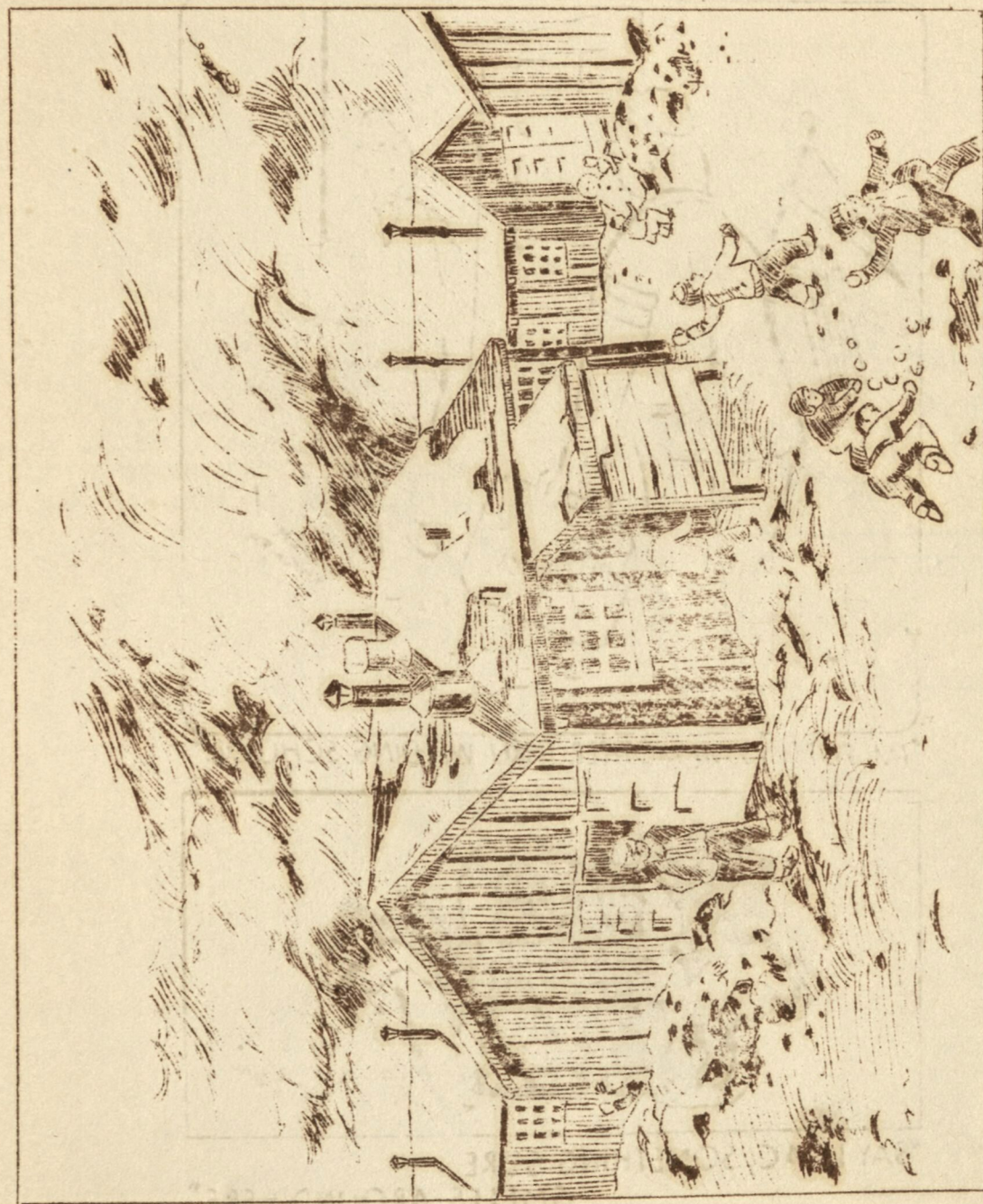
MOTHER--Now, where will I put this? I want to put this in a safe place so it won't be damaged. This is my best kitchen knife.

MARY (in a horrified voice)--But, mother you can't bring that. It's against regulation. Knife is a contraband.

FATHER (muttering)--No liquor either.

MOTHER--Contraband? I don't understand that kind of talk? This is my favorite knife and I'm bringing it along. For 20 years I've used it to prepare your meals and I'm not going to part with it now. What harm can an old woman like me do. (She brandishes her knife and continue talking in a angry voice while sister, brother, father gather around trying to calm her.) Are they afraid that I'll lead an uprising? What does General De Witt know about kitchen knife? Bring him here. I'll talk to him.

SISTER--Please mother. Don't  
(Turn to pge. 23)



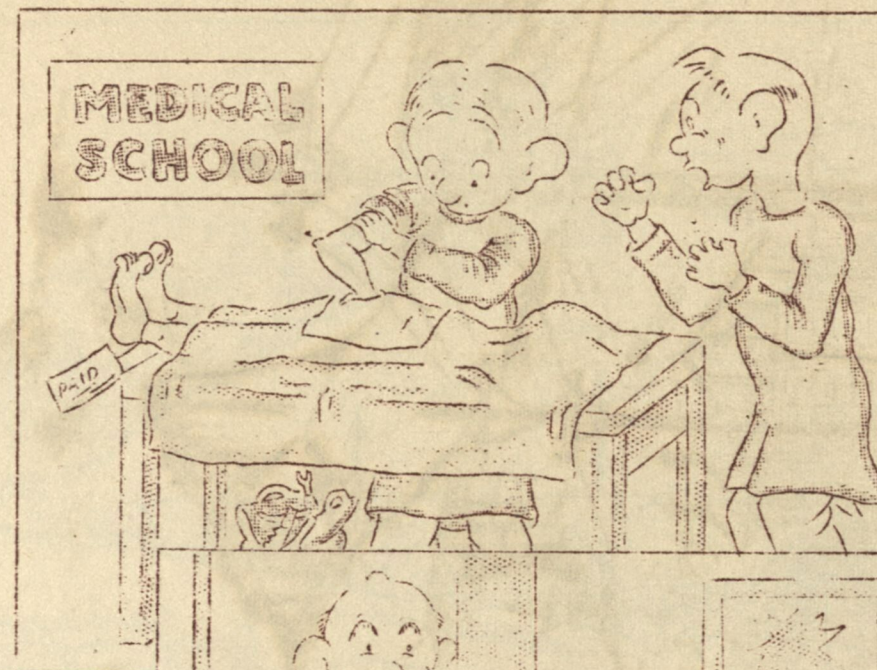




"I'M PUTTING MY MOTHER THRU WELDING SCHOOL."

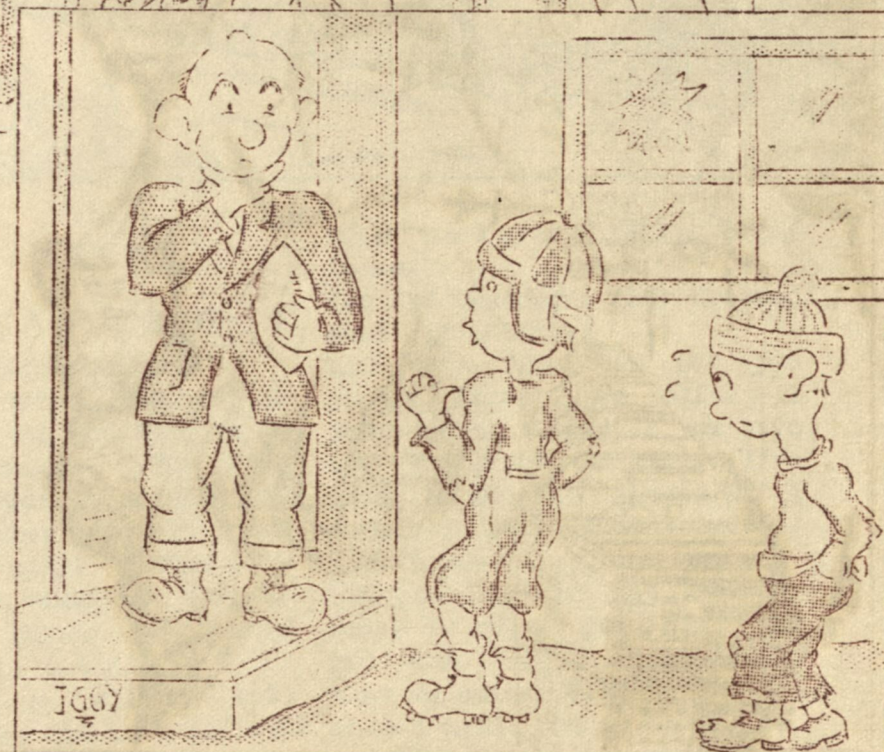


"SAY LILAC, SOMETHING SURE  
SMELLS AROUND HERE"

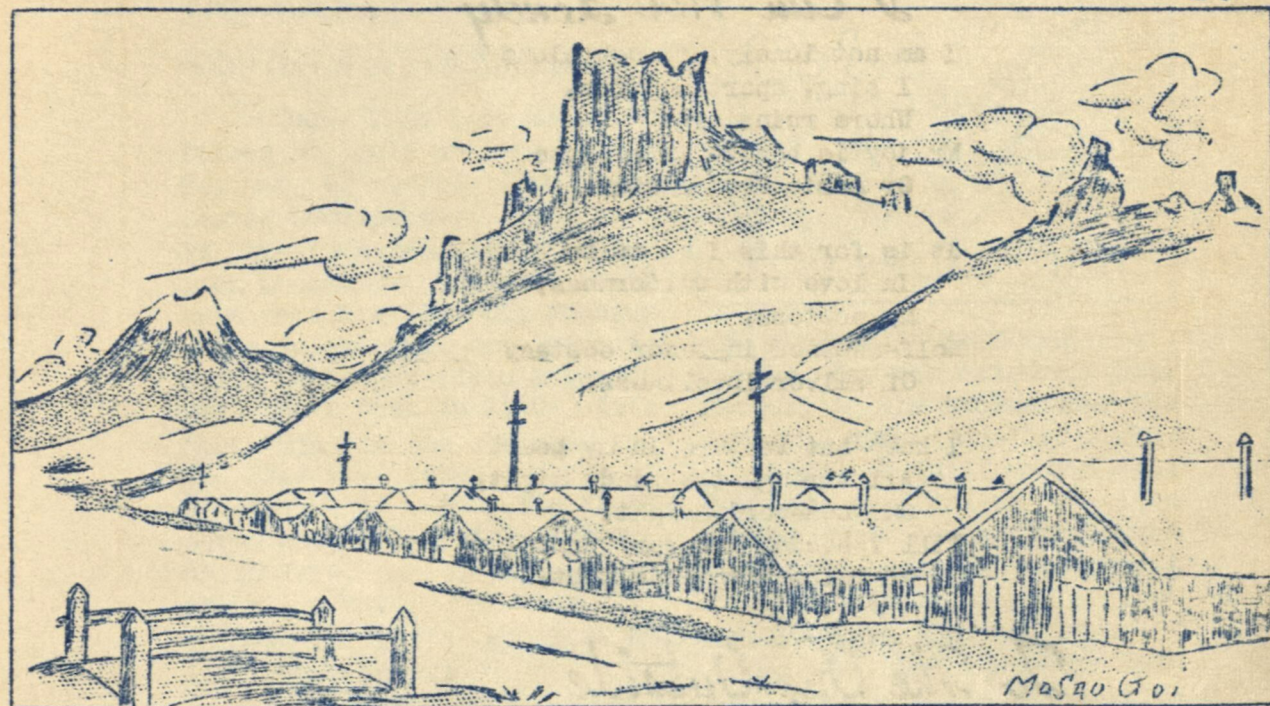
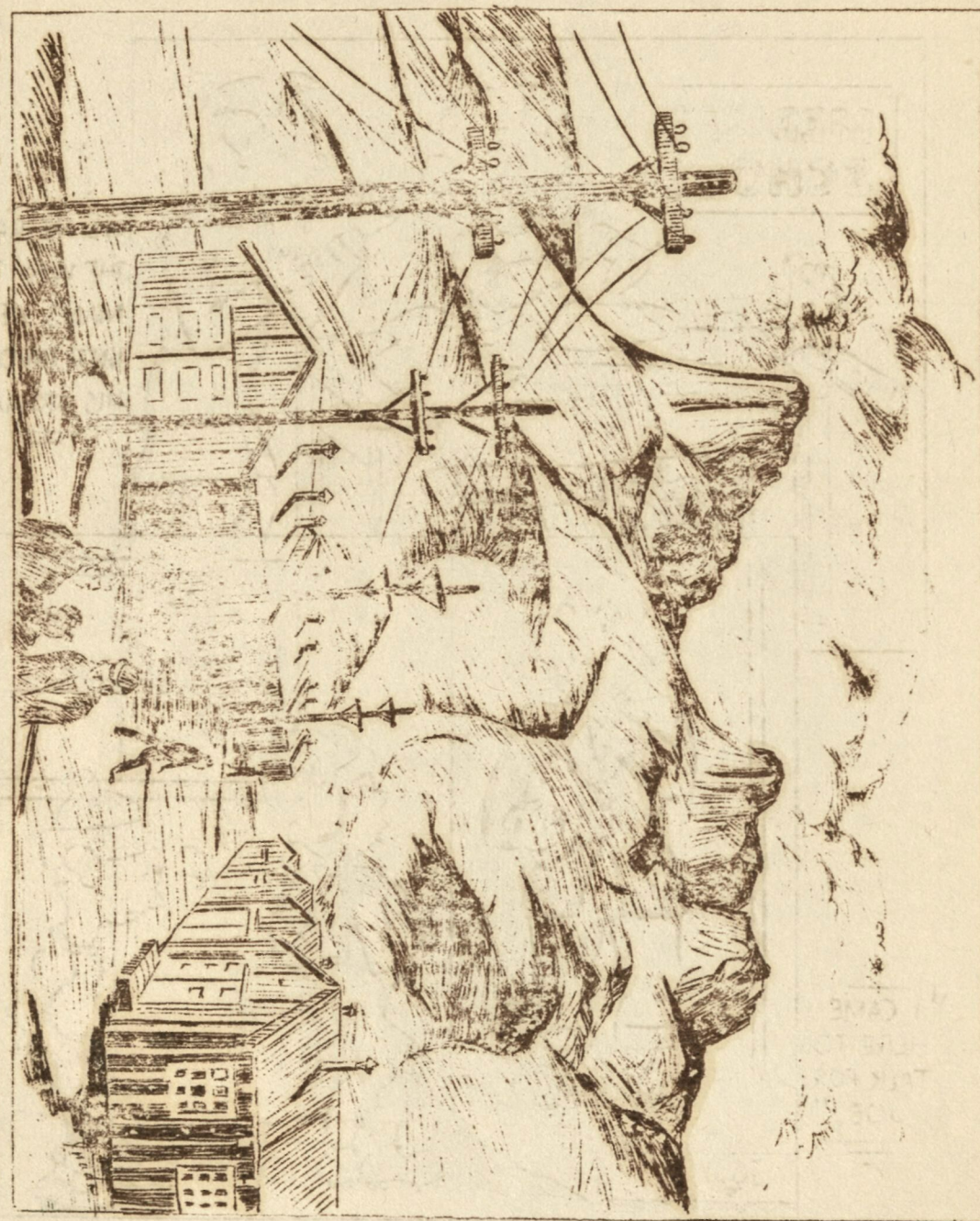


"NO-NO-KANJI,  
THE WAY TO A  
MAN'S HEART  
KN'T THROUGH  
HIS STOMACH!"

"I CAME  
HERE TO  
TALK FOR  
JOE."







## THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAGEDY

(Cont. from pge. 18)

talk like that. The F.B.I. might hear you and send us to Missoula, Montana. (The group finally succeed in calming her down and sister gingerly takes the knife away. Mother sits down with a resigned look on her face. Father and Tom go back to their drinking.)

SISTER—Mother, will you help me bring the blankets in from

the bedroom. (They both leave.)

(An old Caucasian lady dressed shoddily enters.)

LADY—I'm sorry to see you people leave like this. I just came to see if you have any furniture to sell. I've been to several places but I couldn't find what I wanted. Have you---?

TOM (jumping to his feet)—Sorry to see us go? Like hell you are. You know weeks ago that we were leaving. But you waited until now so we'll be

(Concluded on pge. 25)



## *I Am Not Lonely*

I am not lonely, though alone  
I sing, apart and far,  
Where ruins are:  
My joy is beauty in a stone  
Or music from a star.

It is for this I am to be  
In love with wilderness,  
My poetess,  
Half-swooned in lunar ecstasy  
Of silver loveliness.

I keep but rapture in my heart  
All through the windy night,  
On moon-ward height,  
Till I become its very part  
Of love-adorned delight.

## *To The One Outside*

If I should die, if it must be, instead  
Of casting thus into this sonnet-mold  
The blossom of a soul with heart-melt gold  
And silver words of love on lips so red;  
How shall I find thee in no springs ahead,  
As beauty whom I sought I now behold  
In gathered flowers by vision manifold  
Among the woodlands where my feet have led?

Oh, lovely are their names I press on sands,  
Whose syllables I cut for heart design,  
To show what rapture is a touch of hands.  
But, ah, how shall I keep all visions sweet  
And beautiful, that in thy face I meet,  
Which wake man's passion, make his own divine?

• KEN YASUDA

## THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAGEDY

(Cont. from pge. 23)  
forced to sell at any price.  
Get out of here! (The lady  
leaves hurriedly.)  
FATHER--You shouldn't have  
been so hasty. Maybe we could  
have sold her that old rocking  
chair with one arm missing  
which I bought from a second  
hand store back in 1910. It's  
been lying in the woodshed for  
the last five years. Maybe if  
we leave it out in the front  
porch with a big sign--"Evacu-  
ation Sale, Cheap."--somebody  
might buy it.  
TOM--Well, let's go look at  
it. (They exit.)

END



"That 'Pickled Herring' Again!"



## IT HAPPENED IN MANZANAR

The day was extremely hot.  
Mercury in the thermometer was  
hovering around the 110 mark.  
There weren't many people  
working or resting in the  
shade. The area around the  
fire house was deserted except  
for the lone figure of a fire-  
man watering the vicinity.

He held the big, white hose  
and drenched the countryside  
with torrents of cold, clear  
mountain water. As he moved  
the stream from one side to  
the other, he saw a figure  
walking directly into the  
range of his spray.

Before he could draw the  
hose away, the pedestrian was  
drenched to the skin. He ap-  
ologized profusely as he no-  
ticed the man was rather elder-  
ly and had on the uniform of  
the U.S. Army.

The recipient of the shower  
bath turned out to be none o-  
ther than Lt. General John L.  
DeWitt, commanding officer of  
the Western Defense Command.



# Christmas Trees

(Continued from Page 8)

to give us the secret. The depression of the 1930's did not make itself really felt to us until about the middle of the decade. One spring it rained all during the harvest season, softening the vegetables for shipping, leaving the crop useless. One bad year



ELECTRIC EEL

"BATTERY RUN

DOWN, MAC?"

was followed by another, and still another.

One Christmas, we could no longer add to our Christmas tree collection. Had it not been for a younger sister, we might not have had a tree at all, but we decided to get along with the old things. Strangely enough, the tree improved. Next Christmas we understood why the charm of the first Christmas tree had eluded us for so long: for years we had so loaded our tree with tinsel and glass and snow that the tree was being hidden beneath the trimmings.

Our Christmas tree was no longer a tree, but rather a support for gaudy ornaments. Now sister and I started to trim the tree in a new way. We began to think primarily of the tree, hanging the ornaments deep in the branches, the red, green, blue, and gold colors barely to be seen among the masses into a trickle of silver. The lights were placed deep in the branches too, but they always managed to glow through the needles.

The result was a tree serenely beautiful, with the same charm that had made our first

tree so memorable. It resembled, too, the tree that I had first created in my imagination as a boy in Japan.

Then December, 1941—an eerie Christmas like no other Christmas. Six wheeled army trucks pulling artillery and ammunition would rumble in mile-long lines in front of our house. Enemy aliens were forbidden to travel more than a few miles from their homes. Bank accounts were frozen. Railroad bridges were guarded night and day. There were rumors of gun emplacements in the very hills above the valley. In a world suddenly turned upside down we had no heart to wander through the hills looking for our ideal tree as we had done for years. When a neighbor kindly brought us a tree, we accepted gladly. For the first time we had a tree not selected and cut with

our own hands; but fortunately we had learned before the secret of the first Christmas tree.

And now this year here in our camp at Tule Lake, we are going to have something new in Christmas trees again. For most of us this is going to be our first communal Christmas tree, a huge tree that belongs to everyone in the community and not to any individual. Perhaps it is the forerunner of things to come. Since those years in which we first brought home our Christmas tree with horse and wagon, the world has been changing. Year by year, commercial tree lanterns have increased, and people began to post "No Trespassing" signs in the hills. Men began to be arrested for cutting Christmas trees. State patrolmen began watching the highways.

It is all logical, of course, but the free and easy world in which all outdoors belonged to the boy with a hatchet is passing away. Perhaps the day will come when it will be impossible to furnish a tree for each of millions of families in the cities; and perhaps in the future we must

(Concluded on Page 39)

## A THOUGHT

The ceaseless tread of myriad feet  
Pounds endlessly through time.  
The slaughter of a million souls,  
That battle in the slime,  
And squander of a nation's toil  
Bring doom on every side.  
And God's men give their dying breath,  
For whose wrong have they died?

H. M. SAKAI



28. and co-ordinated, make-shift class rooms were temporarily improvised in barracks, athletics fostered, recreation and entertainment presented, church activities developed, farming and marketing on a large scale instituted, hog and poultry farming innovated, and a resulting building of moral and a definite community consciousness.

The month of December saw the establishment of the community council on a permanent basis with a hearted Project-wide election which drew about 8000 voters.

The little Theater players made a successful debut with three one-act plays, surprising everyone with their talent. 19-year-old Fumiko Yabe's concert and the string ensemble were enthusiastically received. Movies became a reality with the showing of "That Certain Age," starring Deanna Durbin.

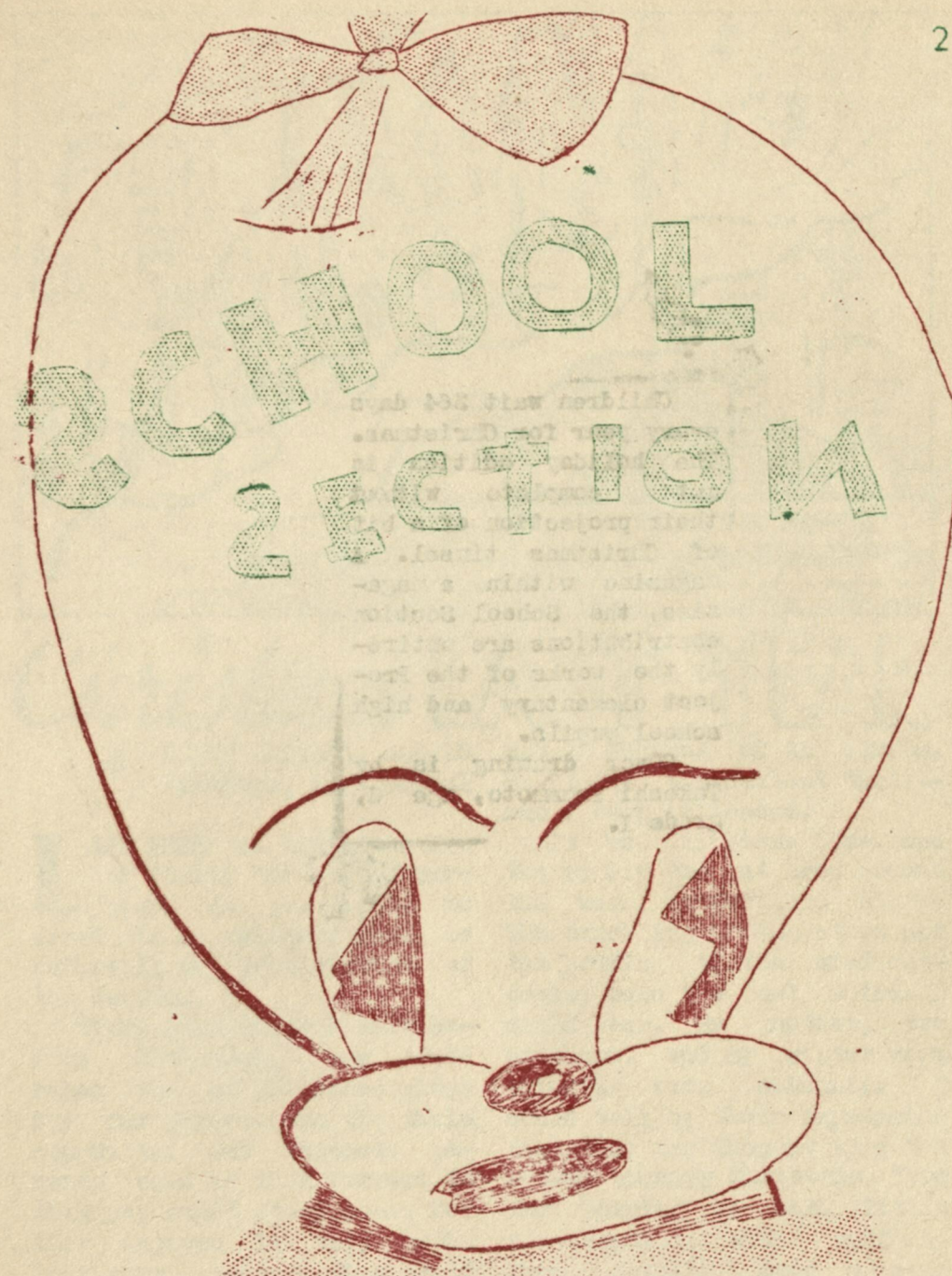
The construc-

tion of the huge 60 x 300-foot tent factory was celebrated with a half-day variety show and a dance. (See Illustration) Construction of a combined junior and senior high school, including a gym, got under way in mid-December. The revelation that the gym is to include a projector room and a large stage was heartily received by all.

Religiously, the Christian youth did a splendid job in making children happy, providing them with holiday gifts. The Y.B.A. organization established themselves on a permanent basis.

In sports, basketball reigned supreme, though the All-Star Seagulls football game took the spotlight for a day, copping a league championship. The Miks and the Wakabas true to pre-season form, were leading the cage league undefeated as this issue was being run off the press.

END





Children wait 364 days every year for Christmas. The holiday edition is not complete without their projection of a bit of Christmas tinsel. A magazine within a magazine, the School Section contributions are entirely the works of the Project elementary and high school pupils.

Cover drawing is by Takeshi Yamamoto, age 6, grade 1.



## Christmas LAST YEAR

★ HENRY ANIYAMA, age 15  
Freshman, High School

not go because of the curfew. So it was the duller Christmas I ever witnessed.

**L**AST YEAR on Christmas Eve our family had a real surprise. As you know, we lived in a military zone, so naturally we were victims of the curfew.

Every year about a week before Christmas, our grade school put on Christmas plays for our parents and the whole community. Our Japanese parents used to look forward to this gay event every year, for they enjoyed it very much. Last year however, they could

It was Christmas Eve, and the family was gathered around the warm, comfortable stove. The crackling of the stove and the howling of the wind outdoors, were the only noises I could hear. My mother, two brothers, and my sister were thinking very solemnly. I could tell by their expression that they too thought this was a very unhappy Christmas. Time was passing by with little conversation, when suddenly from outside came voices;



lovely voices joined together in a chorus singing Christmas carols. We all jumped up and looked surprised, for we were indeed very much surprised.

"What's that?" whispered my brother.

"Sounds like a chorus," I replied slowly.

"Let's go out and see who they are," whispered my sister.

We all walked over to the door and went outside.

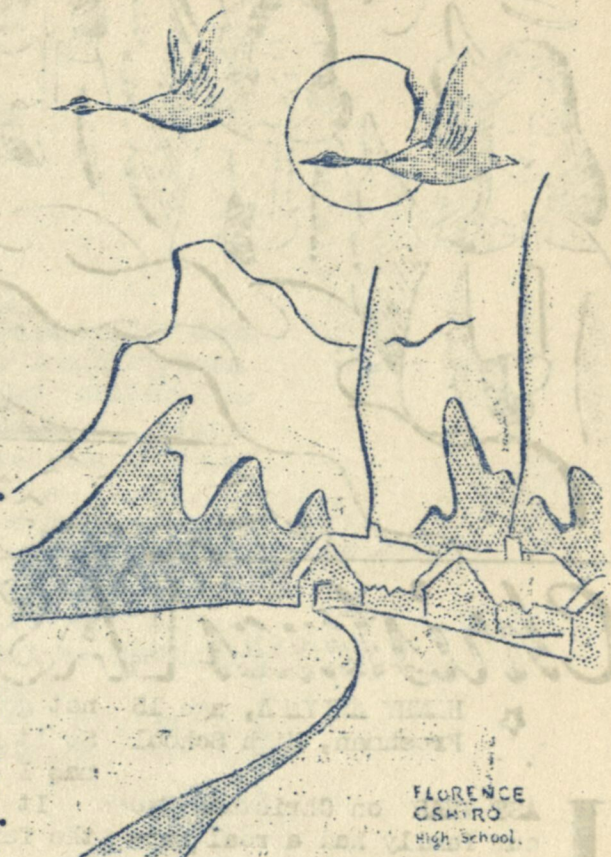
"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" shouted the chorus group.

"Merry, merry Christmas!" we cried back, for we knew who these people were. They were our grammar school teachers and other very friendly community folks and children. Much conversation followed and we had a merry time. It was really good to know we had genuine friends like these.

After awhile one of them said, "We are planning to go to every Japanese house around here; if any of you would like to come along, we shall be more than glad to have you."

"May I?" asked my brother.

"Why certainly, go grab your coat and we'll have a merry time," they answered.



FLORENCE  
OSHIRO  
High School.

"Wait, I have a grand idea!" cried the principal of our school. "Let's all sing a carol together!"

"Let's do" we shouted.

As they filled the lovely cool winter night air with music softly ringing, I looked to the twinkling stars and whispered to myself, "Oh, what a lovely Christmas this turned out to be."

THE END

## THE BELLS I HEAR ON CHRISTMAS

The bells I hear on Christmas day—  
The day that children always play.  
I hear a voice that is so sweet;  
With the Christmas chimes it beats:  
"Good will to men on earth."  
And thro' the cold may it repeat:  
"Good will to men on earth."

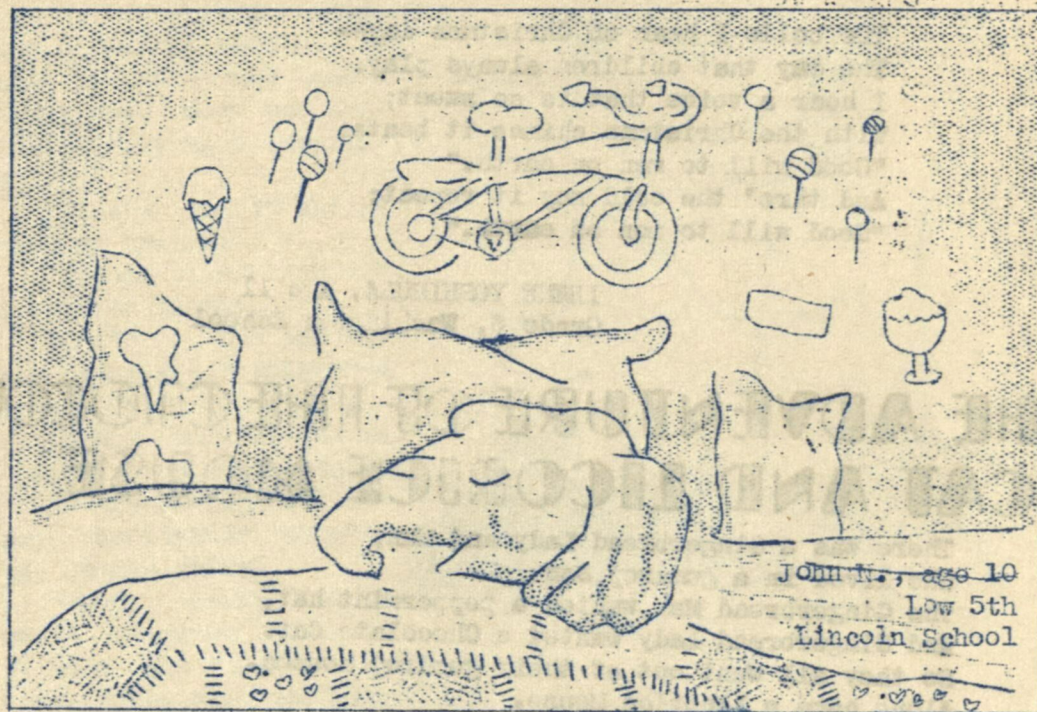
IRENE YOSHIMURA, Age 11  
Grade 6, Washington School

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE CHOCOLATE CAT AND LICORICE MOUSE

There was a Gingerbread Lady and Man,  
Who lived in a gundrop can.  
The Gingerbread Man wanted a peppermint hat,  
And Gingerbread Lady wanted a Chocolate Cat.  
So they all went out of their gundrop houses.  
Along came a Licorice Mouse.  
He said, "May I watch your gundrop house?"  
"Yes, you may, Licorice Mouse,"  
Said Gingerbread Lady.  
So Licorice Mouse sat under a tree that was shady.  
He said, "I'm going into the house  
To get some candy fit for a mouse."  
And so he ate half of the gundrop house.  
The Gingerbread Man came home with a peppermint hat.  
Gingerbread Lady came home with a Chocolate Cat.  
And the Chocolate Cat chased the Licorice Mouse  
Out of the gundrop house.  
And nobody ever saw Licorice Mouse again.

REIKO HIGASHI, Age 10  
Grade 5, Lincoln School





JOHN N., age 10  
Low 5th  
Lincoln School

## THE SNOW IS FALLING

The snow is falling from the sky  
at Christmas,  
The roofs all white, the birds on high,  
at Christmas  
And Santa's sled that seems to fly,  
at Christmas  
Oh happy, happy day.

MINORU MANJI, Age 8  
Grade 3, Washington School

## The CHRISTMAS TALE

Today is a holiday  
And everybody should be gay.  
Great ole St. Nicholas  
Will be here on Christmas.

Santa on the night of 24th  
Will travel from south to north,  
From the land where they have seals,  
Who makes you run on your heels.

Now Santa goes to the south  
Where people have big mouths,  
And big men called cannibal  
Who eats people—bodies and all.

He is always so jolly  
And sometimes brings holly,  
Leaving one cup of jelly  
For the man with the big belly.

Everything is quiet in the house.  
Even the noisy mouse,  
All through the silent night,  
You cannot hear him in his flight.

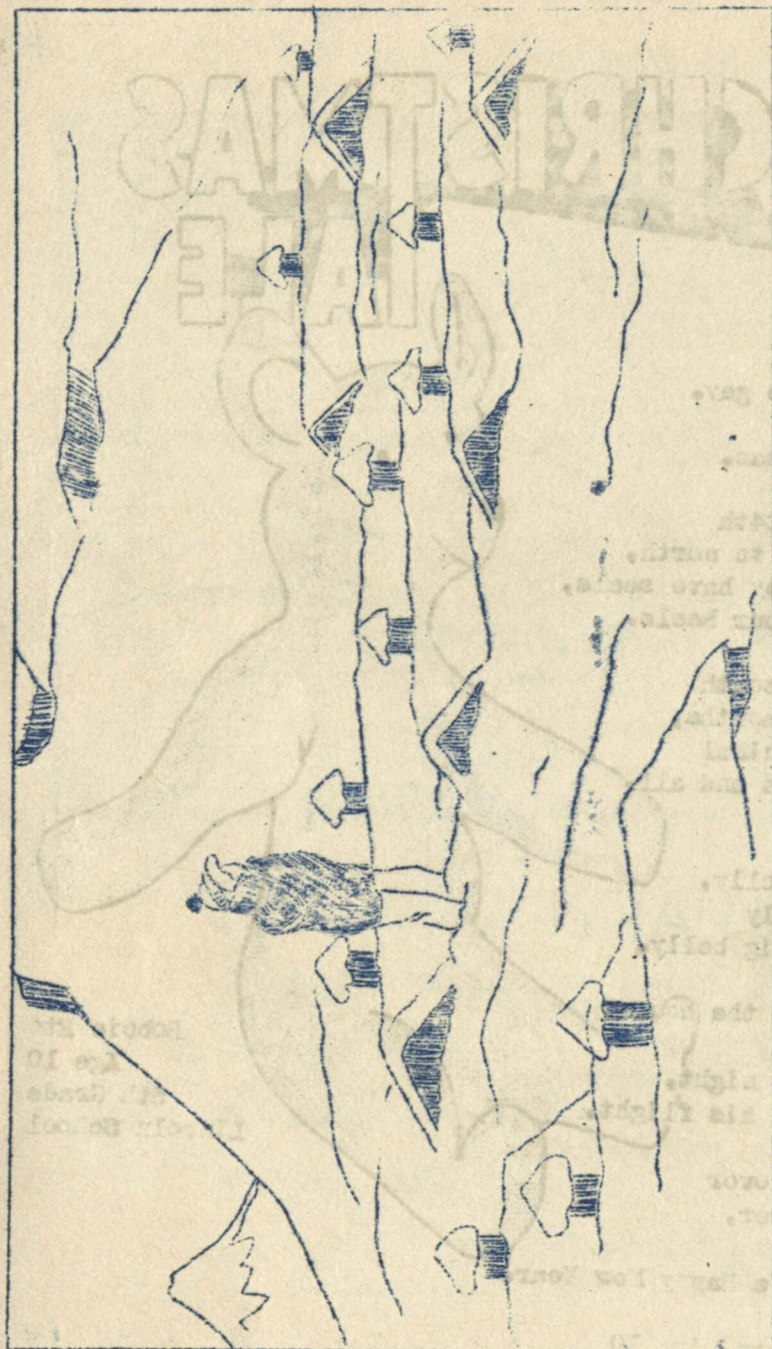
After he has gone all over  
From California to Dover,  
You will loudly hear  
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Ken Miura, Age 10  
High 5th, Lincoln School



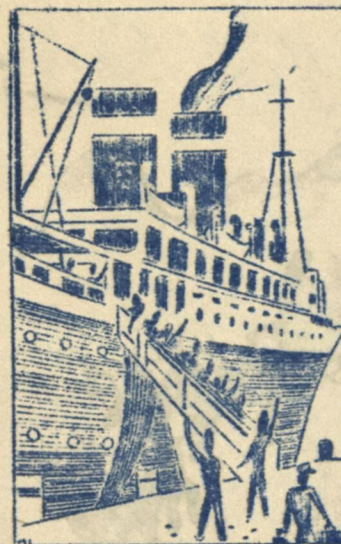
Bobbie Eto  
Age 10  
5th Grade  
Lincoln School





## WHITE CHRISTMAS

Lois Ono, Age 17  
Tri-State High School



## back home

by Chiyoko Ishibashi

(Editor's Note: Chiyoko Ishibashi is a student in kibe English class. Although handicapped with language difficulty, her sentiment is shared by many of her classmates who have spent a great deal of time studying in Japan.)

It was in May 1938, when I came home. I have always dreamed about this day and hoped that it would come true. At last it did happen. I was so happy when I saw the Golden Gate Bridge and lights of San Francisco. I could hardly wait for the ship to slip into shore.

I had difficulties trying to identify my father. After a long questioning we got our permission to go ashore. My mother was waiting for me outside. I didn't know what to say when we faced each other. My mother welcomed my return. It was funny, how I felt then. I wondered what I'd say when I reached home while I was on the ship. I couldn't find any perfect words to say to my mother, but I had planned what I would say. Although when I faced her, I lost my tongue and just said, "mama" and cried. Mother patted me like a baby and said I had nothing to cry about because I was home.

My brother greeted me at the car. He said something that seemed to me as if he just mumbled. I was puzzled. My brother then knew that I didn't understand English. All those years I had been in Japan I was so busy studying Japanese, I forgot my English.

I loved my home in America, but I was lonesome because I couldn't speak English. My little sister made fun of me, and my brother ignored me, but how could I help it?

I started to hate everybody who spoke to me in English, and I avoided meeting them. As the days past, I wanted to go back



to Japan. I wished I had never come back. I asked my father to send me home, but all he said was I must go to school if I wanted to learn English.

The next day my father took me to school where there weren't any Japanese. I had a hard time during those days trying to figure out what they were talking about in classes.

I gradually picked up the English I had forgotten. Then I noticed I didn't argue with my brother like I used to do. My brother started to take me around with him. The more I mingled with the nisei, the more I learned English. I began to like the nisei just as much as kibe people. I hope all the kibe would, ever with their prides, learn English. I thank my father for guiding me the right way. I am very happy here in America.

THE END



# HER NAME IS *Woman*

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

ing crest of a mound; a huge bandless black hat, dirty and hay covered, shapelessly masked a black-haired head; a long narrow livid expressionless face punctured the hanging vacuous blackness; a tall emaciated trunk supported a heavy, similarly dirty, grain covered mackinaw coat like a wooden clothes-hanger; a d. firm, slender, bony blue-white fingers grasped the spare raw pole of a pitch-fork. He stared at his pigs--lonely and

derelict.

"Julie," I said, "what a soul chilling spectre he is."

She looked up at me and smiled nervously. We continued to walk hand in hand and approached one of the enclosed pens. Slovenly lying on their sides, suckling their young, or grousing and snorting, fat hogs blundered to and fro. With curious interest, we watched a noisy hog chasing and calling a complacent food devouring sow. Excited, the pursuing male would nuzzle its snout under the indifferent sow's groin and agitate the wandering mate as he moved about the pen calling and snorting, prompting and begging, until the brutal boar raised its massive bulk onto the stilled ramp of the feeding sow.

## Christmas Trees

(Cont'd from Page 27)

look forward to communal trees for the apartment, for the street, for the city. They will then stand in the city squares, dark and full of life, pointing to the winter skies, decorated with many colored lights; they will be for those children of the future the same heart-quickenning bringer of Christmas joys that they had been for us; the primitive and eternal symbols of the Good Earth.

THE END

...high in the heavens a formation of wild geese, soared by a lonely cry and the sheer nakedness of a leafless tree sterile dead in the rolling back of the tired earth the tall yellow-gold strings of rippling shifting barley rich and vast the occasional repugnant whiff of filthy hogs the



(Cont'd from pge. 39)

charging reeling wind and the pitch-fork lunge of the scarecrow in black the nervous ascent of a thousand birds suspended in the sky the tamed silent winds the slight quiver of a grousing pig's snout of momentary alertness and the lung piercing squeal of pain from a bleeding sow...

Julie's thin fingers were curled into a small hot fist in mine. When she drew away, I saw two slight gashes in the palm of her hands, rising red. Hastily we walked away. Julie clung to me warm and eager; her eyes fired deliriously as we walked, walked, walked up and over the rolling hunch of the earth and through soft dirt and shaking fields of barley.

"Damn this wild wind!" I cursed aloud. "You'd think they were after us." Sometimes I wonder...my brain intimated.

"What?" questioned Julie hoarsely.

"Nothing," I answered simply.

On cue, the winds mocked my torment and spurred on greater fury, laughing, taunting, beating. Our footing became less sure, the struggle to remain on the ground difficult, and breathing came in gasps. Ju-

lie was silent.

"Look," I pointed, "there's a barn just beyond..."

But the winds violently protested, shrilling and whining--forevermore--afraid two mortals would escape its malice. Doubled up, Julie and I pushed painfully forward until we fell on all fours, clutching and pulling ourselves toward the massive doors and salvation. Breathless, blinded, and thoroughly frightened, we dropped headlong into the protective maw of the gigantic grain shelter. Simultaneously, the mighty tendons of the barn groaned and shook with fear as the enraged winds mustered all its energies and burst anew, howling and screaming its laments and bemoaning the loss of two precious clods.

Julie pressed her wind-parched lips upon mine. Her warm thin hands caressed my cold drawn cheeks. Her moist eyes sparkled like bright sunlight glancing off a pool of deep water. Her soft pulsating body fused against mine. Her desire--my ecstasy, the compacted fragrance of baled hay, the smell of rich sacked barley, of the tired sweet earth, the agonizing creak of a great barn door, and the final death of seeking brooding winds.

THE END



